

IF IT'S RIGHT, WE ARE FOR IT

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Florida's Best Financial Friend

*The Work Done and Being Done for
Florida's Development by H. M. Flagler*

From the Tallahassee True Democrat

THE extension of the Florida East Coast Railway from Miami farther on to Cape Sable, there to brave the winds and waves of the Florida Straits, and linking the scores upon scores of small islands together into a chain extending from the extreme point of mainland to the rock-built, far-to-seaward island of Key West, is indeed a unique and mighty conception of the mind of man.

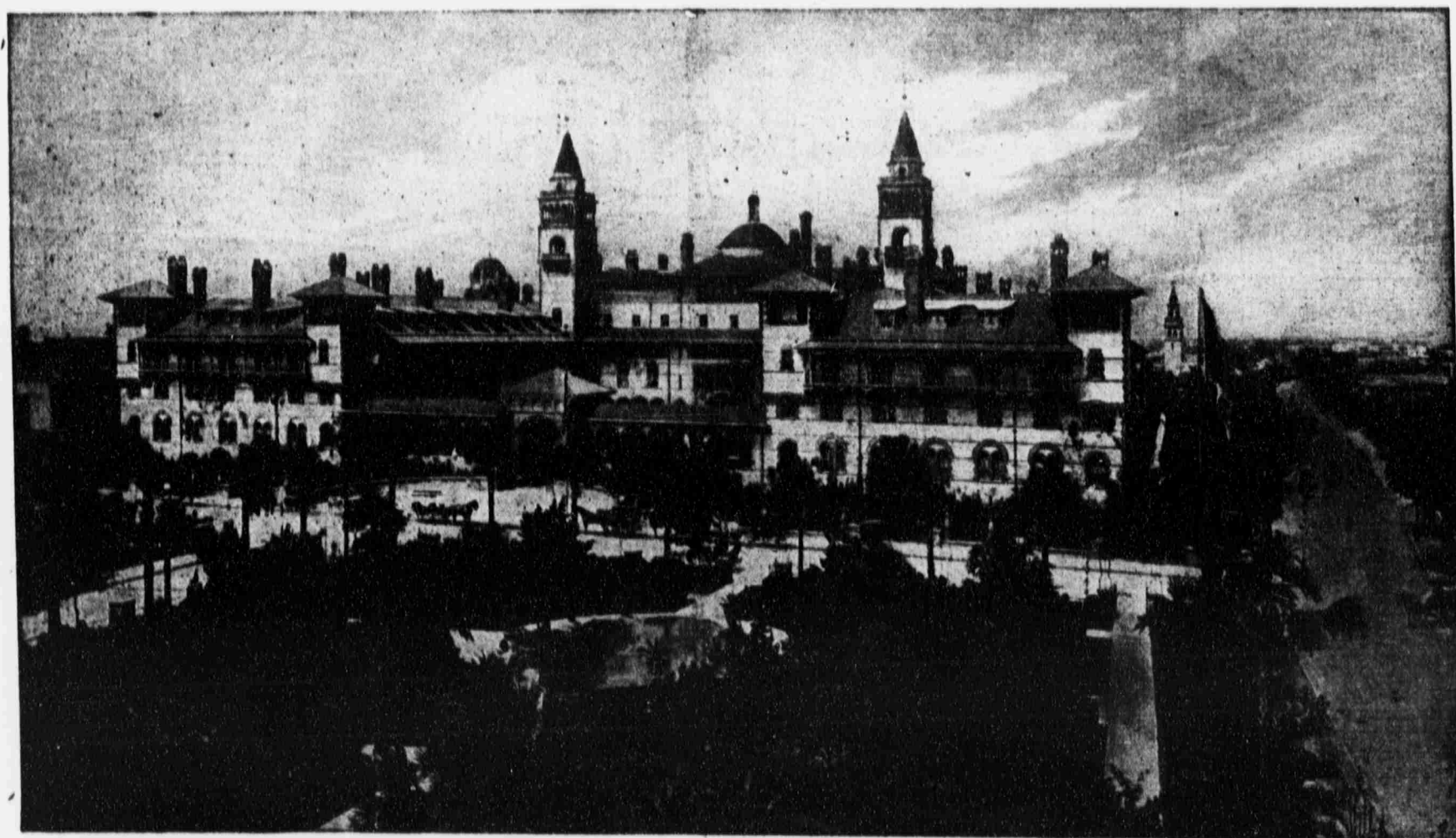
The contemplation of this wonderful scheme reminds one of the vast changes that have been wrought in that southern latitude, in the past few years, by the brain and effort of a single individual.

Grand and many are the transformations made in all that territory, especially in that region lying south of Sanford, on the St.

wilderness, and today the most fastidious of multi-millionaires places his delicate wife and child in a private palace car, and they, after a few hours of swift and pleasant journeying, find themselves the guests of an hotel that is envied by world-famed rivals, in company with hundreds of their class—within a few miles and near neighbors of the Seminole.

It does not suffice to say that the man who has performed these wonders did so for selfish reason, for self-aggrandizement alone. The only safe criterion, the only infallible way is to judge a man by acts and his actions by their results.

This being true, we must accord Henry M. Flagler a high meed of praise for results undoubtedly achieved. For he it was who thus



PONCE DE LEON HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Johns, where little more than half a score of years ago it required a strong imagination to picture what is now reality.

At this time few were the villages, and of towns there were none, in all this wide domain; only a few rough log houses near each other, termed settlements, separated by twenty or maybe forty miles of dreary wilderness. These were the homes of the only inhabitants—rough-mannered cattlemen, who invited no immigration to interfere with their laws of custom and were jealous of their squatter sovereignty.

For two hundred miles of southern course a traveler would have moved amid such scenes until the northern shore of Okeechobee is reached. To the south of this the far-famed Everglades, that reptile-haunted swamp, extending south as far as land extends, on whose inaccessible islands dwell that unconquered aborigine, the Seminole.

One day two lines of steel, beginning at the very portals of refined civilization, pushed their way, mile after mile, toward this distant

dared to endanger his means and his reputation as a financier by building a costly line of road, which for hundreds of miles is bound to a narrow strip of land, on the one side by an ocean, on the other by a non-supporting, howling wilderness, depending almost entirely upon the wisdom of a capricious public.

And who can enumerate the many instances of kindness shown, of valuable free contributions he has made to employees—pensions, lands donated, hospitals for the sick and disabled superannuaries. Of these we learn, but what of those we hear not of—kind deeds done in secret? Who can deny that the whole State of Florida has been benefited by the fame and prestige he has done so much to give her?

It is but just to say that it is impossible for the opponents of Mr. Flagler to prove that the public welfare was not the uppermost, predominating thought in his mind when he worked these wonders, that patriotism is not his ruling passion. Who hath the wisdom or power to search another's heart and lay bare the thoughts and sentiments surging there.